

# BERTILLON, WITH HIS COMPLEX SYSTEM OF PROOFS, MAKES THE DREYFUS TRIAL A VERITABLE ROARING FARCE.

Max Nordau Says the Expert's Father Had Only Half a Brain for Many Years.

The Great Man Rambles Through a Maze of Mysterious Technicalities, Wearing the Judges and Making the Audience Shriek.

By H. J. W. Dam.

(Copyright, 1899, by the New York Journal and Advertiser.)

RENNES, Aug. 25.—There are many sinister rumors in the air as to the action which will be taken by the advanced partisans of both sides in case Dreyfus should be condemned or acquitted. In case of condemnation, I am assured by high authority that a revolution in Paris is certain to be started by Socialists.

In tone with this is a letter received this morning by the Director of the Lycee from a station of Anarchists in Naples, saying that if Dreyfus be condemned the Lycee will be blown up. Enough belief was attached to this to cause a gang of ironsmiths to be set to work to-day to close all the openings in the Lycee not already protected with iron shutters. Among these are several square ventilator openings now only protected by gratings. The Lycee from to-night will be guarded by gendarmes.

RENNES, Aug. 25.—The Dreyfus case has as many faces as a diamond has facets. We have had comedy, tragedy, pathos and bathos, the spectacular and the burlesque. But up to this morning we had never had farce, and this long felt want was kindly supplied by M. Bertillon.

M. Bertillon is a very famous man, who has given to science a new word, "anthropometrician," and equipped France with the most complete system of describing and registering criminals in the world. When he mounted the witness stand this morning, wearing a rather shabby black frock coat, he revealed himself as a man of middle height, slender build, dark complexion, with black mustache and round, curling, black whiskers, tinged with gray. His hair was clipped close; his nose is straight and well shaped, his eyes deep set, and though only about forty-five, he seemed, from his bent shoulders and absent minded manner, to be five years older. He began his evidence in slow, monotonous tones, and altogether had the sad, weary manner of an elderly French professor in a Chicago young ladies' seminary.

## A Farce Comedy Entrance.

But if M. Bertillon was mild, his dossier of proofs was so startling, stunning and portentous that it required three strong men to bring it in, and consisted of several huge black leather portfolios and four or five large bundles three feet square in light brown paper. When M. Bertillon had slowly unpacked these and covered the platform with their contents he rose to his full height, waved his hand in silent majesty, and looked like a weary drummer in wall papers surrounded by an immense stock of everything from satin gloss finish to lincrusta walton.

The audience stared, then grinned, then giggled. The President rebuked them, gazed in some trepidation at the piles of debris, and told the witness to proceed. And then M. Bertillon—after Esterhazy had confessed writing the bordereau, and the Supreme Court of France had declared him undoubtedly its author—proceeded to prove beyond all doubt by his infallible system of loops, angles, slants, crosscuts, winzes, stipes and pumping stations on the 1,700-foot level, that the man who wrote the bordereau was beyond any question no other than Alfred Dreyfus.

## Mysterious, Complex Charts.

M. Bertillon began like an old professor giving to a sleepy class a lecture which he had given a hundred times before. Then he handed up to the Court an endless string of charts, tracings, great sheets of drawings on white paper, cardboard slabs with geometrical figures, photographs, small and enlarged, and grand handwritings in India ink on sheets of paper four feet square. Some of these were in colors. He had hundreds of them. The audience were dumb with astonishment. The Court was paralyzed.

When he came to a finely executed chart in several colors, Chincholle, of Le Figaro, was appealed to, and gravely said it was a psychological chart of Dreyfus's mind when about to call on the Baroness.

A still more elaborate drawing was generally held to be a map of Mercier's moral variations. Then a sinister rumor spread that five more large bundles piled on the floor on the left side of the hall also belonged to the Bertillon dossier, which unfortunately was not a secret. Alarmed by this, the journalists decamped en masse, to strengthen themselves with rainbow colored drinks at the Cafe de la Paix.

## Every One Went to Sleep.

M. Bertillon began by saying that as his demonstration was very complex every one should give the closest attention. In response, the Court propped their weary heads on their hands; Labori stole an opportunity for a semi-doze. The witness then said the bordereau belonged to a class of documents styled by experts of his attitude "trick forgeries," that is, imitations of another person's handwriting when the other person himself is writing a disguised hand.

He then took a little half hour ramble among horizontals, verticals, mensuration of words, upslants and downslants, and slants bearing nor-nor-east from Fire Ireland, with the Waldorf looming on the port bow. He talked in a slow, sleepy way till he came to his first conclusion, which he fired off so suddenly, so loudly, that it woke everybody up. He said:

"We are therefore face to face with a plot hatched by some other person having access to the War Office, or this bordereau is unquestionably the work of Alfred Dreyfus."

## A Reminder of Nat Goodwin.

Like Nat Goodwin in the old burlesque of "Camille," M. Bertillon said:

"Shall I tell you how I discovered this?"  
"No!" thundered the audience—but only silently, in their minds.  
"Then I will tell you," said he. And, as there was no law to stop him, he went on for an hour more. The weary, impatient French audience fidgeted on hard seats and groaned, "C'est trop!" "C'est un fou, un fou, un fou!" "Que quelqu'un le tue!" "Mon Dieu, ou est l'assassin de Labori?"

This whole scene was so strange, so useless, so truly extraordinary, and Bertillon himself was so unconscious of its absurdity, that I went over to Max Nordau, who is a mine of all kinds of information, to ask whether he considered Bertillon a degenerate or one of those won-



Two of the Generals Entering the Lycee.  
General Mercier is photographed just as he arrives at the gate and General Chanoine, the white-whiskered men, turns to join him.

## BERTILLON'S WONDERFUL PROOFS UNINTELLIGIBLE.

Dreyfus's Judges Probably Understand Them, but the Audience Makes Game of the Famous Expert.

RENNES, Aug. 25.—There was a buzz of interest when M. Bertillon, chief of the Anthropometric Department of the Prefecture of Police of Paris, advanced to the witness bar. He was followed by four soldiers and a non-commissioned officer bearing portfolios, drawing boards, packages and paraphernalia, which were deposited on the platform. This seemed to amuse the audience.

M. Bertillon, saying his explanations would be understood by only a very limited number, unpacked his photographs, plans, etc., and a table was brought in to hold them.

M. Bertillon said he proposed to prove to the Court:

"First—That the bordereau was a doctored document.

"Second—That it could have been manufactured only by the prisoner.

"Third—That it had been written in a free hand by means of a key word placed beneath tracing paper in such a way as to be quite visible."

Dreyfus, he said, did not imitate Esterhazy's free handwriting, because it required too long to study, and he used the tracing process because it was easier to learn and more likely to be successful.

To illustrate his meaning M. Bertillon handed round photographs of the bordereau, etc., advancing to the Judge's bench and with his finger pointing out illustrations of his theories. MM. Demange and Labori, the Judges and others gathered in a group around the anthropometrician.

M. Bertillon's system, admitted the ingenuity and plausibility of the system, though he naturally declared it was built upon a false basis.

Suddenly M. Bertillon cried in loud tones: "We clearly have before us a fabricated document. The one word always rests upon the other, with a divergence of 1.25 millimetres and 2.25 millimetres. That is a phenomenon which is unnatural."

M. Labori watched the specialist for a few moments and then returned to his seat, holding up both hands and exclaiming: "It is most extraordinary!"

After an hour or two of this, Colonel Jouanest said:

"We must have a five minutes' rest."

After M. Bertillon had concluded this first instalment of his testimony a prominent Dreyfusard cried in loud tones: "The five siecle Cagliostro!"

The Dreyfusards' refusal to regard him as anything but the prince of quacks, they say, was the result of his ridiculous and pretentious admission of his fantastic theories as evidence before the court-martial is a disgrace to France. "C'est une honte!" was the remark heard on all sides when the session closed, and the audience, mainly made up of Dreyfusards, was being pressed outside by the gendarmes, who clear the courtroom as soon as the court adjourns.

Nevertheless, even the Dreyfusards do not deceive themselves as to the effect M. Bertillon's testimony, or demonstration may have upon the judges, who, they fear, will be gulled by what the Dreyfusards con-

sider spurious. All the judges have passed through the Ecole Polytechnique, the highest school of science in France, and they are thus peculiarly interested in such evidence as M. Bertillon's. Moreover, with the aid of the innumerable diagrams and specimens of writing which he submits to them, they may be able to follow his reasoning intelligently, which is more than any member of the audience could do to-day.

If the judges accept Bertillon's premises—that Dreyfus, as an expert spy, did not write ordinary handwriting, but in close imitation even contriving to give the letters the appearance of having been traced in order to be able to repudiate them as a forgery if detected—then the strength of his argument, this groundwork may be scientifically correct.

A remarkable feature of M. Bertillon's deposition was the heat and excitement he put into what was expected to be a calm, dispassionate exposition of his theories. He thundered, shouted and waved his arms, as though engaged in some terrible dispute. Once he literally shrieked, and many of the usual audience, who had been unable to follow him and were taking the air in the courtyard, rushed back into the hall, breathlessly inquiring what he was fulminating and imagining that he was fulminating some dreadful denunciation of the accused.

Their excitement was turned into hilarity when they found that he was merely impressing upon the judges the significance of the exact space measures in centimetres between two words in the bordereau.

The military witnesses, all of whom sit in a bench, without seeing the diagrams, the exact space measures in centimetres between two words in the bordereau.

M. Bertillon severely isolated, followed M. Bertillon's statements with a grave and wise expression, upon which never a suspicion of a smile appeared, as though they understood every word. Evidently they had received a not d'ordre to preserve this attitude for, without seeing the diagrams, they could not have understood him any better than did the general public, who treated M. Bertillon as a farceur.

When the session was resumed M. Bertillon compared words of the bordereau with words in the documents of comparison. Leaning on the Judge's bench, he placed the entire bordereau over a graphic canvas and proceeded to show that by doing so Dreyfus succeeded in formulating the principal rules which served to guide him, remarking that any copyist possessing a key to these rules could learn to replace the entire bordereau.

"When persons are accused," he said, "it is a duty of men of the coming future who will fathom the mysteries of the universe and have no children."

Dr. Nordau beamed genially, like a fat, wise, white-whiskered cherub, caressed his curling, bushy beard with his left hand, and said some very interesting things.

## His Father Had Only Half a Brain.

"Bertillon's father," he began, "had only half a brain. He was a well-known doctor, and belonged to a medical society in Paris all the members of which were pledged to give their bodies for dissection after death. When he died and was duly dissected the surgeons found the left lobe of his cerebrum atrophied; it had been so for fourteen or fifteen years. He had two sons, one of whom had chronic spine disease; the other is the present witness."

"His father's brain is not preserved in liquid. It has been hardened and perfectly preserved by an admirable process," continued Nordau. "You can call and see it any day at the museum of the Anthropological Society in Paris."

This invitation was politely but firmly declined. A deeply rooted conviction prevailed that Bertillon was at that moment using the left side of his father's brain on the platform.

Gerschel, a well-known Paris photographer who is visiting here, was called in by M. Labori this afternoon to examine Bertillon's photographs of the bordereau. Gerschel declares they have been retouched in the negative. So sure of it is he that he will be called as a witness to-morrow by Labori.



M. BERTILLON.

The Distinguished Anthropometer Describes Why He Believes the Prisoner Wrote the Bordereau.

Is not sufficient to meet the charge with denials, but it is necessary to prove that they have not done what they are charged with. In this case the handwriting was disguised. There is, therefore, presumptive proof that the prisoner is guilty."

M. Bertillon pointed out that five sections of the bordereau were traced in the same manner, and added:

"I had reached this point in my experiments when I was summoned to the Chercie Midi prison by Major D'Ormescheville. The Major explained that he wished my personal opinion on cryptographic methods, sympathetic links, etc., which might help the family of Dreyfus in corresponding with him. The request was partly due to the fact that a number of letters addressed to the prisoner by his family had been received."

"During the interview Major D'Ormescheville produced one of these letters. I had hardly cast my eyes on it when I was astounded to notice the same kind of a notation 'O' with which I had been so struck. It was in a letter from Mme. Dreyfus."

M. Bertillon pointed out how he found the same peculiarities of Dreyfus's handwriting in the letters of other members of his family. The audience, quite in the dark regarding the meaning of the method, and unable to see the diagrams which explained them, punctuated the queer expressions of the anthropometer with peals of laughter.

"My theory," continued the witness, "was in 1894 considered by the Ministry of War as favorable to the prisoner. A hand-drawn copy of the bordereau was made, and the defence accepted it. They said, the long investigation would have to be recommended, and so, here the witness raised his voice and struck the table with his fist—when the word 'Grille' (perforated card used for cyphers) was uttered at the court-martial of 1894 the prisoner's face contracted. When I spoke of the fabrication of the bordereau he exclaimed:

"Oh, the wretch! He saw me write, then!"

"I did not hear the remark, but when it was repeated to me it was a revelation. For, if innocent, the word 'fabrication' would have delighted instead of frightening him."

Dreyfus listened impassively. The audience became animated when M. Bertillon announced he would give a practical demonstration of how the bordereau was fabricated by means of a key word.

The witness, seated at a table, began to copy the bordereau on a sheet similar in character to the famous document. After a quarter of an hour Colonel Jouanest suggested that it was not necessary to copy the entire bordereau and M. Bertillon rose and showed the judges the result of his labor, remarking:

"The audience inferred from this remark that the experiment had not succeeded and the expression of the judges' faces seemed to bear out this opinion."

The court adjourned for the day at 11:45 a. m.

At the close of the proceedings a crowd surrounded M. Labori, anxious to know his opinion of M. Bertillon's imitation bordereau. The lawyer answered that, so far as he had been able to judge in a hurried glance, it certainly had a resemblance to the original, but by no means any identity with it.

"But that is all," he added. "M. Bertillon only did what dozens could do. It only proves he is a clever forger. That is all."

The close of the proceedings was a crowd surrounded M. Labori, anxious to know his opinion of M. Bertillon's imitation bordereau. The lawyer answered that, so far as he had been able to judge in a hurried glance, it certainly had a resemblance to the original, but by no means any identity with it.

"But that is all," he added. "M. Bertillon only did what dozens could do. It only proves he is a clever forger. That is all."

The close of the proceedings was a crowd surrounded M. Labori, anxious to know his opinion of M. Bertillon's imitation bordereau. The lawyer answered that, so far as he had been able to judge in a hurried glance, it certainly had a resemblance to the original, but by no means any identity with it.

"But that is all," he added. "M. Bertillon only did what dozens could do. It only proves he is a clever forger. That is all."

The close of the proceedings was a crowd surrounded M. Labori, anxious to know his opinion of M. Bertillon's imitation bordereau. The lawyer answered that, so far as he had been able to judge in a hurried glance, it certainly had a resemblance to the original, but by no means any identity with it.

"But that is all," he added. "M. Bertillon only did what dozens could do. It only proves he is a clever forger. That is all."

The close of the proceedings was a crowd surrounded M. Labori, anxious to know his opinion of M. Bertillon's imitation bordereau. The lawyer answered that, so far as he had been able to judge in a hurried glance, it certainly had a resemblance to the original, but by no means any identity with it.

"But that is all," he added. "M. Bertillon only did what dozens could do. It only proves he is a clever forger. That is all."

The close of the proceedings was a crowd surrounded M. Labori, anxious to know his opinion of M. Bertillon's imitation bordereau. The lawyer answered that, so far as he had been able to judge in a hurried glance, it certainly had a resemblance to the original, but by no means any identity with it.

"But that is all," he added. "M. Bertillon only did what dozens could do. It only proves he is a clever forger. That is all."

The close of the proceedings was a crowd surrounded M. Labori, anxious to know his opinion of M. Bertillon's imitation bordereau. The lawyer answered that, so far as he had been able to judge in a hurried glance, it certainly had a resemblance to the original, but by no means any identity with it.

"But that is all," he added. "M. Bertillon only did what dozens could do. It only proves he is a clever forger. That is all."

The close of the proceedings was a crowd surrounded M. Labori, anxious to know his opinion of M. Bertillon's imitation bordereau. The lawyer answered that, so far as he had been able to judge in a hurried glance, it certainly had a resemblance to the original, but by no means any identity with it.

"But that is all," he added. "M. Bertillon only did what dozens could do. It only proves he is a clever forger. That is all."

The close of the proceedings was a crowd surrounded M. Labori, anxious to know his opinion of M. Bertillon's imitation bordereau. The lawyer answered that, so far as he had been able to judge in a hurried glance, it certainly had a resemblance to the original, but by no means any identity with it.

Gobert, of the Bank of France, Says He Is Sure That Esterhazy Wrote the Bordereau.

He Carefully Compares the Writings and Shows Wherein That of Dreyfus Differs from That of the Incriminating Document.

RENNES, Aug. 25.—M. Gobert, a handwriting expert employed by the Bank of France, who was the first to say that the bordereau was written by Esterhazy and not by Dreyfus, vehemently protested against the insinuation that he was an interested witness. He referred to his thirty years of services, during which he had reported on thousands of documents, and added, visibly affected:

"I protest against the term 'interested expert.' But," turning toward the prisoner, "after all, I have no right to complain when I look at this unfortunate man now before you."

This caused a sensation in court. M. Gobert told how he examined the bordereau and of his interviews with Generals Mercier, de Boisdeffre and Gouze. He said the handwriting of the bordereau was natural and fluent, but that it was almost illegible, whereas Dreyfus, even when writing rapidly, always wrote most legibly. He asked General Gouze if an envelope accompanied the bordereau, as he wished to see what the writer's careful calligraphy was like, explaining that the address of a letter is always in a firmer hand than its contents.

General Gouze refused the request on the ground that the witness must not know to whom the bordereau was addressed. The general also refused to allow the bordereau to be photographed, alleging that if the photograph all Paris would be acquainted with the bordereau the next day.

Quite Amusing, That.

"General Gouze, that is a very interesting confession," replied M. Gobert, and everybody laughed.

M. Gobert suggested that the work be entrusted to the Prefecture of Police, where, he said, the photographer, M. Gobert, had heard of M. Bertillon as a handwriting expert, saying he became an expert for the War Office.

He said that General Gouze was enraged when he learned of the result of his examination of the bordereau, and visited him repeatedly. M. Gobert always insisted upon learning the name of the suspect.

"It was not a proper name," said the witness, "for me to accuse any one without being perfectly cognizant of the facts, especially in circumstances of so grave a nature."

He related how, after examining an official report on Dreyfus, from which the prisoner's name had been removed, he had the malicious satisfaction of seeing the General Gouze the name of the officer they wanted to arrest.

He was after M. Gobert had refused to accuse Dreyfus that M. Bertillon was entrusted with the bordereau, and after a few hours' study positively attributed it to Dreyfus. From documents written by Dreyfus he heard no more of the Dreyfus case. He was not asked to submit a report, but M. Gobert, the then Minister of Justice, M. Gobert, the circumstances of the case. M. Gobert intimated that "these were soldier's affairs" which did not concern him as a civil jurist.

Sure Dreyfus Didn't Write It.

Colonel Jouanest asked M. Gobert for a more definite criticism of the bordereau. The witness replied that he noticed certain similarities between the writing of the bordereau and that of Dreyfus, but there were many important differences which proved to him that Dreyfus was not the author, and his opinion had since been confirmed by M. Gobert's writing.

M. Gobert suggested that if the judges would compare the bordereau with a letter admitted to be in Esterhazy's handwriting dated from Rouen, August 17, 1894, and with documents written by the prisoner, they would recognize that the bordereau is in Esterhazy's handwriting and not in the handwriting of Dreyfus.

The witness pointed out the peculiarities of the letters in the bordereau with letters admittedly written by Esterhazy, saying that in the handwriting of Dreyfus there were marked peculiarities of punctuation and of beginning fresh lines which were also noticeable in the bordereau, but which were not found in the prisoner's calligraphy.

The expert refused, in reply to a question by the Court, to admit the bordereau was written in a disguised hand. He said it had been written with great rapidity, precluding all idea of doctoring or tracing.

Gonse and Gobert Squabble.

"In what army list did you look for the name of Dreyfus?" asked General Gonse.

"I used the list which is generally kept in business houses."

The general pointed out that this list did not give the information obtained by M. Gobert. But the latter maintained he had told nothing but the pure and simple truth.

General Gonse alluded to certain undesirable acquittals of M. Gobert.

"I emphatically protest against the insinuations of General Gonse," replied the expert. "There is not a single word of truth in what he says."

M. Gobert said Colonel d'Aberville was present when he examined the bordereau.

Colonel d'Aberville promptly rose and said he had never seen M. Gobert before to-day, adding:

"If M. Gobert's other recollections are as exact as his, the Court will draw its own conclusions."

Dreyfus here declared in the most positive manner that he had never been at the Bank of France, where M. Gobert was employed, or had relations with any one there.

RENNES, Aug. 25.—It was announced at the court-martial office to-day that the statement made on the witness stand at Rennes yesterday by M. Meritien de Mulier, a friend of M. Queyriaux de Beaure-

paire, that he had seen a copy of La Libre Parole bearing the words, "Dreyfus has been arrested," in the bedroom of the German Emperor at Potsdam, could not possibly be true.

It was pointed out that His Majesty invariably puts his desk in order before leaving the room, and that nothing is left lying around open. But if he should fail to do so, it is the duty of his valet to put his things away. It was also said that the Emperor does not read whole newspapers, but only marked clippings.

DIPLOMATS' LETTERS OPENED IN PARIS.

Questions to Be Asked in the Italian Parliament About the Tampering with Correspondence.

London, Aug. 26.—The Rome correspondent of the Daily Mail says:

"Italy and Germany have obtained proofs that diplomatic correspondence passing between Paris and other places is systematically opened. This has been the case particularly since the campaign against Dreyfus began. The French War Office having sought proofs to strengthen the accusation against him. Questions will be asked in the Italian Parliament will be asked in the Italian Parliament."

GUERIN FIRES ON BESIEGING POLICE.

He Is Angry Because They Prevent Him from Receiving Food from a Newspaper Man.

Paris, Aug. 25.—Late this evening a reporter from the Anti-Juit tried to re-visit M. Guerin's fortress, but was prevented by the police.

M. Guerin, greatly incensed, fired two shots at a policeman. Neither reached the mark, but the incident will probably precipitate matters.

M. Guerin annoyed the police by throwing out anti-Semite circulars this morning. The police tried to prevent passers-by from picking them up and were hooted for their activity. M. Guerin and his friends amused themselves by taking snap shots of the police as they came, and by throwing out chicken bones, proving that they were not without food.

LITTLE BABYS SCALY BLEEDING SORES.

No Rest Day or Night. Suffering Beyond Description. Dwindled to a Skeleton. All Thought would Die.

Mother Reads of Wonderful Cure by CUTICURA. Father Goes 5 Miles to Get It. Instant and Grateful Relief.

Complete Cure in Nine Weeks, and Not a Sign Left to Tell of His Awful Sufferings.

My baby had a terrible breaking out all over his face and head, extending half way down his back, while his arm became one solid, scaly, bleeding sore. A physician gave me a prescription which I used, but he kept getting worse, and suffered beyond description. The pain became so intense that he had to be put under opiates. We could get no rest, night or day. He dwindled down to a mere skeleton. Everybody who saw him said he would surely die. As a last resort a trip to the country was suggested, that the change of air might do him good. As soon as my mother saw the child she got a copy of an Atlanta paper, in which there was an account of a wonderful cure CUTICURA REMEDIES had wrought on a two-year-old child. My father started to the nearest drug store, which was five miles, and purchased CUTICURA (ointment), CUTICURA SOAP, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT. We applied as per directions putting plenty of the CUTICURA on his head, face, arm, and back. The child slept for over two long nights. My father improved daily, and in nine weeks from the time he started on the CUTICURA REMEDIES we were able to discontinue their use, and not a sign is left to tell of his awful sufferings.

Mrs. ROBERTA DAVIS, South Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 29, 1898.

REPLY FROM SETH-TORRENT BAKER AND REY FOR WASH. MORRIS to a woman child with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), greatest of emollients and skin cures. This treatment will give instant relief, permit the parent and child to sleep, and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure of the most torturing, disgusting, and humiliating of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, oozing, and crusting skin and scalp diseases with loss of hair, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Prop., Boston.

See "How to Use CUTICURA REMEDIES," mailed free.

RED OILY SKIN prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

Kennedy 12 CORTLANDT ST. \$1.00 Negligee Shirts at 49c.

of best Madras, with pair detached cuffs; worth \$1.00. BICYCLE SUITS, \$3.98.

of fine worsted, tailor made, worth \$7. Bicycle Breeches, \$1.00; were \$2.50.

JERSEY BATHING TIGHTS, 25c. Heavy Jersey Bathing Suits, \$1.49.

SIX MONTHS TREATMENT FOR ONE DOLLAR.

Dr. Burdett's VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

In Tablet Form—Pleasant to Take.

It is under a long time since I have felt so